

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU
(A ONE ACT PLAY)

The year is 1950. A law has been passed by the government requiring every couple married five years or over to have a baby. If the couple have been unable to have a baby, a government man is to be sent to their home to visit the wife and to be the means of her becoming a mother.

This particular morning, a baby photographer calls. There are no babies much to the sorrow of the young husband. It is the morning of their fifth anniversary and the husband says, "Well, goodbye Dear, I'm off to the office. I suppose the government man will be here shortly." (The wife pretties herself and powders her nose just as the doorbell rings. She is expecting the government man but instead it is the baby photographer who calls to see if he can talk to the lady of the house about baby pictures.

She: Oh, good morning.

He: How do you do? You probably don't know me, but I represent the

She: You needn't explain Mr.-----

He: Smith is the name, Madam, and I make a specialty of -----.

She: Yes of course, I know Mr. Smith; it's quite all right, won't you sit down?

He: Your husband no doubt told you that-----.

She: Oh yes, we both agree that is is the only thing we can do.

He: Well, in that case I'll get busy.

She: Well, to familiar with the way you do this, just where do you begin?

He: Just leave that to me Madam. I recommend two in the bath tub, one or two on the floor and one on the couch.

She: Bath tub??? Floor??? Good heavens.

He: Well, my dear lady, even the best of us don't get a good one every time, but out of six, one is bound to be a honey. I usually have the best of luck with the tub shots.

She: Forgive me, but it does seem a little bit informal.

He: The charm of the whole is the informality. Perhaps you'd like to see a few samples?

She: Samples? Well, I suppose so. After all, there is no hurry, is there?

He: No indeed, in my line a man can't do his best work in a hurry. (He opens his album and shows it to her) Look at this baby. It's a good job that took four hours, but isn't it a beauty?

She: Yes, indeed, it's a lovely child.

He: But for a tough assignment, look at this one. Believe it or not, it was done on top a Fifth Avenue bus.

She: (gulping) A Fifth Avenue bus?

He: It's really not hard when you know how. And when a man in my line knows how, it makes his work a pleasure. Now here's a good shot that was made at Macy's at high noon. Yes sir, one shot, mind you.

She: Even one shot at Macy's seems a little public.

He: Well, there was a little secret about it. The mother of the child was a movie actress and needed publicity and did she get it? But the most difficult job I ever tackled was this----- (he shows her a picture of twins.)

She: Oh, twins.

He: Yes and the most handsome boys I've ever seen. I knocked this job out in Central Park one snowy afternoon last winter.

She: Goodness-----.

He: Yes indeed, Madam it took from two in the afternoon until five. I never worked under more difficult circumstances with people four and five deep pushing and shoving to get a look.

She: Four and five deep?????

He: Yes lady, people everywhere, just imagine, more than three hours under those handicaps. Two cops helped me. I could have gotten another shot or two before dark but by that time the squirrels were gnawing at my equipment.

AT THIS POINT THE LADY FAINTED.